BBC

DOCTOR WHO

DISCOVERS

WITCHES

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WITCHES

DOUBLE, DOUBLE,
TOIL AND TROUBLE;
FIRE BURN AND CAULDRON BUBBLE.

ANATOMY OF A WITCH

LEGENDARY WITCHES

SPELL SEARCH

SHAKESPEARES WITCHES

SPOT THE DIFFERENCE

BLOOD OF THE WITCHFINDER

WITCH HUNTS AND WITCH FINDERS

WITCH ENCOUNTERS

SPACE WITCHES

THE WITCHES COMIC STRIP

EVIL LAUGHS

TOP TRUMPS WITCHES

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'Witch Hunt' is adapted from Doctor Who Magazine

ANATOMY OF A WITCH

Broomsticks

One of the most common items associated with witches is the broomstick. It is usually made from the broom plant (*Genista*), heather or birch twigs, tied to a hazel wood handle.

The association between broomsticks and witchcraft may have its roots in it being a symbol of domesticity and its use in pagan rituals.

One pagan fertility ritual involved the use of poles, pitchforks or brooms being ridden through fields where the person using it would jump high to encourage the crops to grow to that height.

From this, some people believed that witches could fly on broomsticks, either by using flying potions or the broomsticks being held up by devils and demons.

Other people thought that the flying potions were hallucinogenic which made the witches believe that they were flying.

Cauldrons

Cauldrons were large cooking pots, usually suspended above a large fire that would boil the contents inside, a common feature of a medieval kitchen.

Beyond its domestic use, the cauldron has been associated with many legends and superstitions, including Celtic and Norse mythologies, but it is particularly linked to witches in folklore.

One of the most common associations between the cauldron and witchcraft originates from the scene in Shakespeare's Macbeth where the three witches use it to create potions:

"Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble."

Macbeth Act IV Scene I

In the context of witchcraft, the cauldron was thought to represent the womb of Hecate, the Great Goddess. Often a cauldron would have three legs which were said to represent the three aspects – maiden, mother and crone.

As well as being used to make potions, myths suggest that they could be filled with water as a way of looking into the surface to see the future...

Witch's Familar

Although cats have been the subject of superstition since the times of ancient Egypt, they have become particularly associated with witches and witchcraft from accusations in English and Scottish witchtrials.

Animals associated with witches are called 'familiars' spirits, demons or faeries. Their role was either as a servant, a spy or a means to bewitch enemies.

It was thought by many that witches would be given a familiar once they joined a coven.

Cats and hares, and less commonly dogs, were popular choices for a familiar, but they could be any type of animal. In Europe, wolves were a more usual familiar. As it was frequently believed that a witch could transform into their familiars, there was a crossover with legends of lycanthropy.

During witch trials, witch finders would examine a person for a witch's teat, thought to be used to feed a familiar. Often a mole or another natural skin growth, would be used as evidence against the accused.

Legendary Witches

DOCTOR WHO

Morgan le Fay

Morgan le Fay was a powerful enchantress from Arthurian Legend.

'Fey' was an old English word for fairy, it's originated from the latin word 'Fata'.

King Arthur is her half-brother.

She was taught magic by Merlin.

Morgan becomes more evil as potrayals of the Arthurian legends go on.

She first appeared in 'Vita Merlini' in 1150.

MORGAINE

When a nuclear missile convoy breaks down next to an excavation near Lake Vortigern in England, UNIT, who have been in charge of the missile, soon find the situation dangerously spiraling out of control.

Arthurian knights, from 'sideways' in time, arrive to fight over the location of King Arthur after his sword, Excalibur, transmits a distress signal.

Mordred, and later his mother Morgaine, arrive and find themselves on the battlefield against UNIT, Ancelyn and the Doctor and Ace, with the fate of the entire planet at stake...

Morgaine, known also as The Sunkiller, Dominator of the Thirteen Worlds, and Battle Queen of the S'rax, was an interdimensional sorceress and enemy of King Arthur and Merlin (revealed to be a future incarnation of the Doctor).

Morgaine was a ruthless tactician who would use any method, however destructive, to acheive her aims. She summoned a demon, the Destroyer - but when it was killed by Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart, she attempted to use the stranded nuclear missile from the UNIT convoy until the Doctor pursuaded Morgaine that her actions would be dishonourable.

Mother Shipton, whose real name was Ursula Southeil, lived in the 15th and 16th Centuries, is still known for her prophecies of the future which were published 80 years after her death.

Mother Shipton was said to have been born in a cave near Knaresborough and was described as 'hideous' in appearance, although it is likely that depictions of her appearance in later illustrations were exaggerated to appear closer to the stereotypical image of a witch, complete with a hooked nose and prominent chin. In 1512, she married a local carpenter, Toby Shipton, and was soon making her reputation and livelihood by making predictions and telling fortunes, but she was accepted as a soothsayer and wasn't persecuted like many of her other contemporaries suspected of witchcraft were.

Mother Shipton's prophecies became famous, with a book published in 1641, with subsequent additional books revised over time with new prophecies added, including the famous prediction:

"The world to an end shall come / In eighteen hundred and eighty-one."

It was later revealed to be a fabrication by an author, Charles Hindley, who published a book of her prophecies in 1862.

The prophecies of Mother Shipton that appear in print are largely, or even entirely, composed by later authors, although it has helped to create the reputation of Mother Shipton, alongside Nostradamus, as a person who could really see into the future...

JENNY GREENTEETH

IN BRITISH FOLKLORE, JENNY GREENTEETH WAS A RIVER HAG, WHO WOULD WAIT IN PONDS AND RIVERS, INITIALLY INDISTINGUISHABLE FROM POND WEED AND LILY PADS UNTIL HER VICTIMS – USUALLY OLD PEOPLE OR STRAY CHILDREN WANDERED TOO CLOSE...

BABA YAGA

LIVING ON THE EDGE OF THE FOREST, BABA YAGA, A WITCH WITH IRON TEETH, IS A FIGURE IN SLAVIC FOLKLORE. SHE FLIES AROUND IN A MORTAR, HOLDING A PESTLE, AND LIVES IN A HUT HELD UP BY CHICKEN LEGS..

HECATE

HECATE WAS THE ANCIENT GREEK GODDESS OF MAGIC, WITCHCRAFT, NECROMANCY AND GHOSTS. SHE IS OFTEN DEPICTED AS A WOMAN WITH THREE BODIES HOLDING TWIN TORCHES. AS A GODDESS OF WITCHCRAFT, SHE REMAINS AN IMPORTANT FIGURE IN MODERN WICCA.

THE MOIRAI

THE MOIRAI, OFTEN CALED 'THE FATES', WERE THREE DAUGHTERS OF NIGHT WHO CONTROLLED THE DESTINIES OF BOTH GODS AND MORTALS THROUGH THREADS THEY SPUN THAT REPRESENTED THEIR LIVES.

THE WITCH OF ENDOR

IN THE OLD TESTAMENT, SAUL, THE FIRST KING OF ISRAEL, SOUGHT THE SERVICES OF SOMEONE WHO COULD SEE THE OUTCOME OF A FORTHCOMING BATTLE WITH THE PHILISTINES. THE WITCH OF ENDOR CONJURED UP THE SPIRIT OF SAMUEL, AND TOLD SAUL THAT HIS THREE SONS WOULD DIE IN BATTLE AND ISRAEL WOULD FALL.

CIRCE

CIRCE, IN THE GREEK LEGENDS,WAS A SORCERESS, THE DAUGHTER OF HELIOS, THE SUN GOD, AND OF THE OCEAN NYMPH PERSE. IT WAS SAID THAT SHE WAS ABLE BY MEANS OF DRUGS AND INCANTATIONS TO CHANGE HUMANS INTO WOLVES, LIONS, AND SWINE.

KIKIMORA

IN SLAVIC MYTHOLOGY, KIKIMORA LIVES IN THE HOUSE, USUALLY BEHIND THE STOVE. SHE LOOKS AFTER THE CHICKENS AND DOES THE HOUSEWORK AS LONG AS THE HOUSE IS IN ORDER... BUT OTHERWISE SHE WHISTLES, BREAKS DISHES AND MAKES NOISES AT NIGHT.

THE BELL WITCH

BETWEEN 1817-1821 THE BELL FAMILY, IN ROBERTSON COUNTY, TENNESSEE, WERE REPUTIDLY TORMENTED BY AN INVISIBLE WITCH. THE FAMILY WOULD HEAR CREEPY VOICES, SEE TERRIBLE HYBRID CREATURES, AND WERE SUBJECTED TO REPEATED SLAPPING AND TEARING AWAY THEIR BEDCLOTHES...

DOCTOR WHO

Morgane

SPELL SEARCH

FIND ALL ELEVEN WORDS

SHIPTON

MEDEA

HECATE

CIRCE

BABA YAGA

MAREN

BRIMO

LILITH

MORGAINE

WITCH

KARN

Shakespeare's Witches

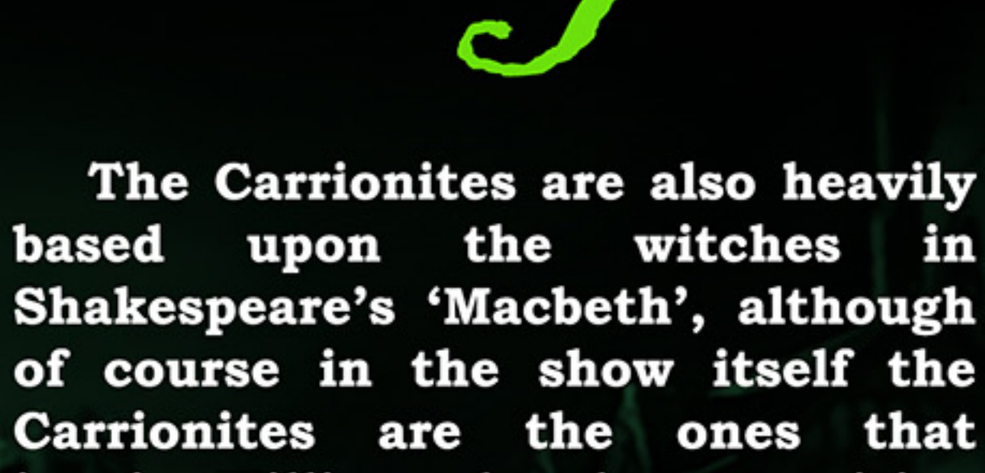
DOCTOR WHO

Elizabethan Magic

2007's 'The Shakespeare Code' introduced the most 'traditional' portrayal of witches into the TV canon, although as with ghosts and werewolves in the two previous years, and vampires and daemons in the classic era, the creatures were actually aliens who happened to look like, and in some of the cases inspire, the legends.

The witches, or Carrionites as they are actually collectively called, have many of the usual features of the folklore image - hagged features, crooked noses, hunched backs, long black cloaks, chanting of spells, talon-like hands, flying, cauldrons, crystal balls, and the list goes on...

The Carrionites are also heavily based upon the witches in Shakespeare's 'Macbeth', although of course in the show itself the Carrionites are the ones that inspire William when he was writing his play (although we know from previous adventures that the Doctor helped Shakespeare write some of his work).



Carrionites

Originating from the Fourteen Stars of the Rexel Planetary Configuration, the Carrionites are hagged, crow-like creatures who use a science based on the power of the spoken word. This was often misunderstood by other races, apearing to them as either magical spells or incantations. It wasn't just the choice of words that were important to Carrionite powers, but also the local spatial configuration in which those words were spoken.

Carrionites have been in the universe since ancient times, but a long time ago, in ancient times, they were banished by the Eternals to prevent an escalation in a war they were fighting against the Herkoven.

They have many special powers, including flight and levitation, mild telepathy and the ability to teleport from one location to another. They would often use their telepathic powers to discover hidden secrets about their prey, and once they had uncovered them, use those secrets, especialy their true names, against them.

Another facet of Carrionite science involved the use of DNA samples in rituals involving puppets to enable them to influence and control others, to perform their dastardly agenda from a hidden distance...

Shakespeare's Witches

With the shift of the population of Britain from mainly rural areas increasingly towards towns and cities, more and more people came under greater influence of society and the national church.

What had been perceived as good or natural magic in previous times, including cunning folk, healer and herbalists, became grouped with malevolent magical practices and all were condemned.

Practitioners of magic, regardless of motive, would soon all be feared and condemned equally.
The increase in the availability of literature, through printing processes, allowed written works, mainly of a religious nature, to reach places beyond the main city areas.

Despite all of this change, belief in magic as an everyday force was very widespread and part of the culture thoughout society. Natural disasters, such as poor harvests, floods and plagues, such as the Black Death, were often seen as the consequence of supernatural actions, either from deities or human magic users.

The poor understanding of why these disasters occurred, and the deep fear and suspicion of magic, and the increasingly more common viewpoint that magical practices were evil or malevolent led to a dangerously fragile background

where hunting and persecution of people accused of witchcraft would flourish.

The people often accused of being witches would usually be those who were marginalised in society including the poor and the old, but also, more strikingly, women.

There were 270 witch trials in Elizabethan times of which 247 of the accused were female. Society was so stacked against women that those who did not have a father or husband would be very much more vulnerable in society, and easy scapegoats.

It is easy to see how the traditional image of a witch – an older woman, often widowed or unmarried, living alone – would have been formed, although in the subsequent witch-trials across Britain and the wider European countries, women and men, old and young, rich and poor, were often all accused of witchcraft such was the endemic paranoia.

Shakespeare's witches in Macbeth, are more influenced by the Fates of Greek mythology – three sister deities, often portrayed as three old and hagged women who decide the fate of human lives by spinning, measuring and finally cutting the thread of life for each person.

Spot the difference

Can you spot the SIX devilish differences?

DOCTOR WHO

BLOOD OF THE WITCHFINDER

Death was inevitable. The creature had known that ever since it had fallen from the stars, crashing on this primitive alien world, this backward, technology-deficient world. It waited in the shadows, shielded from the cold, wet winds by the solid trunks of two oak trees. It longed to see its family one more time, before its life ended, consumed by lonely darkness.

There were many things running through its mind, not least of which all of those words that it had always wanted to say to its broodlings and progenitors, thoughts and feelings that would now almost certainly never be said.

The proud life it had once led, the hundreds of exploration missions it had completed, reduced to this. Bleeding to death from mortal wounds, cold and alone. No, not alone...

It could hear the sound of hooves approaching, an indigenous equine, unlikely to be alone, more likely to be commended by one of those bipeds – this planet's dominant species. It didn't care too much for them. They barely cared for each other, they would not care for something that looked so different. It cursed the very moment it had ever left its world and the brood that it would never see again.

Josiah Crompton stared into the woods, his eyes narrowed, waiting for the merest glimpse of movement. His face was stinging under the driving rain, like small pins of ice persistently pricking at his skin. He was being tested, he was sure, but his resolve would not diminish. In his mind he could sense that something demonic was close, an servant of the devil, and it was the duty of a righteous man like he was to destroy the evil, cleanse it from this world and send it back to depth of Hell from whence it came. After a few moments he saw it, crouched pitifully against some trees, cowering and shaking in fear.

Josiah Crompton walked slowly up to the creature, silver cross on one hand, a long sharp knife in the other. He whispered blessings as he closed in on it. The church would be proud, his Saviour would be proud, but most of all, his mother would be proud.

The creature wept as a gloved hand grabbed its hair and tugged its head forward into a bow, exposing the nape of its neck. It wept for mercy, but not for long. It had no strength left to resist. Moments later, it wept no more.

Josiah was overcome by a warm satisfaction that spread right through him as the knife slashed down, and the scream that briefly followed his act did not register in his mind. Moments later Josiah Crompton climbed back into his carriage and shouted for his driver to take the coach forwards on its journey. Sitting in his lap was the severed head of the creature he had just slaughtered.

'I have found the demon, Mother,' Josiah said as he looked at his trophy. 'And I have cleansed it.'

On the seat opposite from Josiah was perched a simple painting, a portrait of a young woman, her eyes staring out towards him, a feint smile that never left her lips.

‘Rome. I’ve always wanted to see Rome.’ Bill looked at the time rotor as it glowed, the time gears above her spinning around, almost hypnotically. ‘Or the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth. Or even the dinosaurs, but, like, from a distance.’

‘Well, definitely not Queen Elizabeth,’ the Doctor muttered. ‘Always best to keep away from your exes.’

‘What?’ Bill frowned, but the Doctor didn’t elaborate. ‘OK, what about seeing the ancient Egyptians building the Sphinx.’

‘Ah well, that wasn’t built,’ the Doctor explained. ‘It’s a dormant alien stone robot, shaped like a cat. A sleeping beast.’

‘Seriously?’ Bill asked uncertainly.

‘Just don’t tell anyone,’ the Doctor replied. ‘In my experience, humans are best when they are kept away from things they don’t understand.’

Suddenly the console room lurched causing Bill’s stomach to twist, forcing a wave of nausea to engulf her. A shrill scream emanated from the console, an terrifying sound that seemed to unnerve even the Doctor.

‘This shouldn’t be happening!’ the Doctor shouted as he struggled to keep himself upright, grasping the edges of the console and trying to touch some of the controls, but another lurch threw the Doctor

violently against one of the rails. Bill looked up from the floor to see where the Doctor was, but the thing that she saw caused her to scream. It was a large green skull, its black eye sockets bearing straight into Bill's mind.

The Doctor pulled himself upwards and pressed some buttons on the console and the horrific skull apparition faded away.

'What? What was that?' Bill asked.

'Trick or treat,' the Doctor replied.

'They are coming for us,' Mary Samson screamed as she stared out the window. 'We have to go.'

Sarah Samson, Mary's mother, walked up to her daughter and wrapped her arms around her, pulling her into herself protectively.

'We will do no such thing,' Sarah said, trying to sound confident, but her voice still shook anxiously. 'This is my house and we shall not leave.'

A small group had gathered outside of their house, shouting insults and taunts towards them, and with every passing minute more and more seemed to be joining in. It was obvious that they were waiting for someone, building up their angry hysteria that would soon be ignited. Sarah Samson soon saw that man approach. 'Tom Matton,' she cursed.

Matton said something to one of the men who then kicked at the door to Mary's home. Some more of the mob joined in and the door soon shattered. Several men forced themselves into the house and roughly grabbed Mary, despite her mother's attempts to beat them back. Mary was dragged out of the house and held in front of Matton. For a brief moment the gathered crowd fell silent, but as soon as Matton nodded towards the river the crowd started baying again.

Mary screamed as she was bound, her thumbs roughly tied firstly together and then to her feet, painfully hoisted up by the rope and then carried towards the nearby river. Sarah Samson tried to grab her daughter, to try and bring her back into the house, but a wooden club smashed down on her neck, dropping her to the floor.

'Mary,' she groaned out before a black cloud overcame her.

The TARDIS materialised with a resounding thump and the doors clicked open. The Doctor stepped out and frowned. It didn't look very much like Egypt at all. The TARDIS was having a tantrum again. Behind him, Bill Potts leapt out and excitedly looked around, taking in everything.

'So, which way is the Sphinx exactly?' she asked sarcastically.

'Smell the air,' the Doctor prompted her, ignoring her question.

'It's different,' Bill said. 'I can't say how, it's just… weird.'

'No pollution,' the Doctor said as he licked a finger and held it up to the air. 'Seventeenth century England. The Home Counties.'

'The time of the English Civil War?' Bill asked.

'Possibly,' the Doctor replied. 'Though it seems a little calm for that.'

A scream pierced the air, followed by the shouts of an angry crowd.

Tom Matton led the crowd down an embankment towards the river

where a man and a carriage were waiting. As soon as Mary saw the man standing there she could feel a sickening sense of dread pierce her chest causing her to scream. He was tall, wrapped in a thick black cloak that seemed to lick around his body, his face hidden under a tall black hat excepts a few strands of grey hair snaking around the brim. The crowd fell silent as the figure, Josiah Crompton, stepped forward and stared at Mary.

'Are you a witch?' he shouted.

'No,' Mary protested from her dry throat.

Josiah crept closer. 'Are you a witch?'

'No,' Mary screamed back. 'No!'

'We shall see,' he muttered as he pointed towards the river. 'Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live,' Crompton shouted to the crowd before squaring up to the petrified Mary. 'You are a consort of Satan, and you will be tested through the divinity of water.'

Mary could not answer – her throat was swollen and weak from all the screaming and she was too frightened to even form words.

Tom Matton began asking the crowd for any witnesses who had seen the evil practices of the witch. Several townsfolk stepped forward and spoke of her unholy behaviour,

gathering herbs and roots for evil curses and cavorting with beasts and familiars.

'You have rejected your baptism, whore of Satan, and the water will reject you. Throw her into the river,' Crompton shouted.

The men holding Mary hoisted her above their heads and threw her into the river. Many of the gathered townsfolk stared into the river's murky depths, waiting for the ripples and bubbles to clear so they could see her shape underneath its surface.

'She is sinking,' Matton said.

At that moment the surface of the water broke but it wasn't Mary who emerged, it was Bill.

Bill dragged Mary out of the river and laid her on the grass on her side, patting her back a couple of times until Mary coughed out the water in her throat. Bill tore away at the remaining bindings holding Mary.

'Who are you to interfere with the witch's testing?' Crompton shouted.

'She's not a witch,' a voice behind him spoke. Crompton turned around to see the Doctor standing quite close to him. 'She sank to the bottom – the water did not reject her.'

Josiah strode up to the Doctor, trying to intimidate him, but failing magnificently.

'Congratulations,' the Doctor grinned, 'you've proven her innocence. Now, personally, I'd call that quite a successful day.'

The Doctor and Bill helped Mary to stand and they started to walk back towards the town.

'Where are you taking her?' demanded Crompton.

'Back to her home, to rest,' the Doctor snapped back. 'She's an innocent girl who you have just tried to drown.' The Doctor looked around at the townsfolk who watched the events intently. 'Who

will help us? Anyone?'

Several townsfolk stepped forward and helped the Doctor and Bill take Mary back towards the houses of Little Winterton.

Josiah Crompton seethed with silent fury as he watched them walking away. The Doctor would pay for his insolence. Mother would ensure it.

The Doctor looked into Mary's bedroom to see that she was asleep on her bed, Bill was sitting on the edge of it and tucking in the bed sheets.

'Thank you,' Sarah said to the Doctor. 'You saved my daughter.'

'I'm not sure that Tom Matton, of that Witchfinder, will concede so easily.'

The Doctor thought that Bill and he shouldn't really have gotten involved here, but he wasn't sure it would be safe to leave. Maybe that was why the TARDIS had brought. The Doctor looked back towards Bill - she was still looking down at Mary. She looked over towards him and smiled.

'Just a few more moments,' Bill said to the Doctor. 'Just to make sure she's OK.'

Josiah Crompton stood inside the small townhouse that Tom Matton had loaned to him for the duration of his stay in Little Winterton. His possessions were still scattered around the room, gathered in small crates. He lifted up the portrait of the young woman he had carried in from his coach and hung it on the main wall.

'Mother,' Crompton gently whispered to her, 'I have found another demon, a fallen soul that must be cleansed of life. You must guide my thoughts, Mother, I beseech you.'

A knock at the door interrupted Josiah. He ushered the visitor in and saw that it was Tom Matton.

'The townsfolk see the Samson girl as innocent,' Matton said.

'Unless, of course, her newfound protector is a liar and a witch himself. See how vulgar his consort clothes herself, wearing the trousers of men and flaunting her heathen flesh. Woman are the tempters for Satan. That is what all righteous know.' Crompton looked at the portrait.

'Who is she?' Matton asked.

'Mother,' Crompton answered with a sad, hollow voice. 'She died in childbirth when I was born, though I have felt her influence my entire life. I like to think she is looking over my shoulder, reaching out to me.'

'It is a shame you never knew her,' Matton replied.

'Oh, but I did, through her teachings.'

Matton forced a smile. 'I will bring that man to you for questioning. Let me know when you are finished with him.'

Crompton smiled.

'You know, this is really it, isn't it, Doctor. History. Proper history,' Bill said.

'That we shouldn't have interfered with,' he replied.

'I couldn't have let her die,' she said. 'Could you?'

'No,' the Doctor said after a few awkward seconds of silence. 'But... Well, it's complicated.'

The Doctor turned to Sarah and said that they had to be leaving, sooner rather than later.

As the Doctor turned to leave there was a knock at the door. Sarah opened the door to see Peter

Millson standing there, surrounded by two of the town's bailiffs.

'Mr Matton wishes to speak to you,' Millson said to the Doctor.

'I'd rather thought he might,' the Doctor said. 'After all, no one else will want to talk to him.' The Doctor walked out the door to go along with the men. He glanced at Bill to encourage her to remain silent as he was taken away at swordpoint.

Barely a few minutes later, the Doctor was waiting on a wooden bench in the town hall, drumming his fingers as he waited for Tom Matton to arrive. Peter Millson was waiting nearby.

'Boring just waiting, isn't it?' the Doctor said. Millson didn't reply.

'Still, it's only 262 years until they invent the television.'

Tom Matton entered the room and sat opposite the Doctor. He offered the Doctor a pewter tankard of wine, but the Doctor declined it.

'Our community is very important, mister...'

'Doctor.'

'Doctor,' Matton echoed. 'We cannot tolerate evil within our community.'

'Says the man who allowed witchfinder into the heart of it.'

'He will root the evil out. What could be worse than a witch or devil?'

'A witch hunt,' the Doctor replied grimly. 'And innocent girls being drowned because of ignorant fears. The only evil here in this village is the one you've created from your paranoia.'

'Could it not be that you are a witch yourself?' Matton asked.

'Don't be an idiot, Matton,' the Doctor said, but before he could continue several bailiffs entered and dragged him out the room.

Bill saw that Mary was now awake and staring up at the ceiling. Bill walked into her room and sat on the edge of her bed.

'Hey, how are you?'

Mary did not answer, she was still shaken by what had occurred earlier. Bill's attention was taken by noises from outside the window. Josiah Crompton was standing there, with Tom Matton and a few others. Josiah stared into the house for a few moments and after whispering a few words to Tom Matton he left.

'Creep,' Bill said under her breath as she watched him skulk away.

Bill turned back to look at Mary, but almost immediately the window smashed as a stone came crashing through it. Bill went to pull Mary out of her bed and away from the window but the young girl started to convulse violently. Bill suddenly dropped to the floor as she felt a searing pain in her head, almost as if something was gripping her brain and squeezing it really tightly, but within a few moments it had stopped.

Bill shook her head to clear it and she tried to reach Mary again, but further stones came crashing through the window. Behind her, Sarah Samson stood in the doorframe, but within seconds she too had succumbed to the convulsing.

'What's going on?' Bill shouted. For a moment the terrible green skull face that she saw in the TARDIS appeared in the room before suddenly disappearing.

The noise of the mob outside started to rise again as some of them once more barged into the house. Bill knew that something was making them more frenzied,

searing pain in her head, almost as if something was gripping her brain and squeezing it really tightly, but within a few moments it had stopped.

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'What's going on?' Bill shouted. For a moment the terrible green skull face that she saw in the TARDIS appeared in the room before suddenly disappearing.

The noise of the mob outside started to rise again as some of them once more barged into the house. Bill knew that something was making them more frenzied, probably the scary skull thing that had just reappeared, had caused the Samsons to convulse. She tried to reach Mary, but Peter Millson grabbed her and tried to pull her out of the room. Bill slammed her elbow into his stomach and managed to slip out of his grasp.

Millson pulled out a knife and held it close to the neck of the convulsing Mary. Bill realised that she had no choice other than to stand down.

The Doctor's eyes were adjusting to the dark and he could see the faint phosphorescent glow of the dank earth that lined the cellar. There was an occasional clump of footsteps above as his would-be inquisitor sought to remind him of his presence. No doubt Crompton thought that having the Doctor waiting in the dark and tied to a beam was likely to keep him unnerved and frightened, but he felt neither of those things and he passed the time making mental reconstructions of tenth

dimensional geometric patterns. Well, it was better than counting Cybersheep. After a while, the trapdoor to the cellar opened.

'Oh, is it teatime already?' the Doctor grinned. 'Oh, it's you. I was hoping it would be Shirley Bassey, I could do with a decent tune right about now.'

Josiah Crompton climbed down the steps, declining to answer the Doctor.

'Does the Devil's influence save you from feeling fear?' Crompton asked.

'No, but Arcturian algorithms help a lot. What do you hope to achieve by keeping me here?'

'I wish to root out the Satanic influences that have cursed this community.' Crompton looked at some occult artefacts on a nearby bench and started to unwrap them. 'Local legends say that Satan himself stalks this land, blighting crops and killing cattle.'

'There are legends like that everywhere, he must be a very busy man,' the Doctor replied.

'It requires people like me to cleanse the community – draw his possessed servants out.'

'You must get great satisfaction from torturing the old and the weak until they say whatever you want them to say, but the people you punish are innocent.'

Crompton's eyes narrowed. 'And that upsets you.'

'Of course it upsets me. What do your scriptures say about harming the innocent? Release me, Crompton,' the Doctor said, 'before it's too late.'

Crompton unwrapped the head of the creature he had slaughtered earlier and placed it on a silver dish. The head started to spin around and around, faster and faster.

'Mother is awake,' Crompton grinned. 'She said you would have a weakness, and I know what you fear. Your harlot has been brought to me for questioning and I suspect she will confess to being a witch. After being tested, of course.'

The Doctor struggled at the rope that was holding him. 'Crompton, free me now!' he demanded.

'Where is your arrogance now, Doctor?' Crompton asked as he climbed back up from the cellar.

'Crompton!' the Doctor shouted after him. 'Crompton!'

In the upper floor of Crompton's townhouse, Bill and Mary had been shackled by irons to the chairs they were sat upon. Peter Millson stood watching over them, waiting for Crompton to return back up.

'Let us go,' Bill pleased. 'We haven't done anything.'

'They say you are witches, and Mr Crompton will find you both out for it,' Millson replied.

Bill started to struggle at the irons that held her, and Millson started to move forward, but they were interrupted by Mary Samson who started to violently convulse again.

'Stop it girl,' Millson shouted at Mary, 'or I will smite you!' Millson pulled out his sword.

Bill turned to warn Millson but her eyes were drawn towards the painting behind him. It was a painting of a young woman, her face plain and her smile cold, but the very canvas of the fabric was contorting into long finger-like barbs that reached, like a hand, towards Millson.

'Move away!' Bill shouted towards Millson, but the man could not hear her over his own hysteria and the guttural noises that Mary

was making as she fitted.

Bill could feel her tears burn her cheeks as she saw the woman's claws enclose around Millson's neck. She looked down to her lap and closed her eyes as she heard Millson scream in agony, a scream that stopped suddenly after only a few seconds. Opening her eyes, she saw a dessicated, headless husk on the floor.

'What did you do?' Bill cried.

'I fed,' the woman in the painting answered.

Bill could see the woman's face, now a green skeletal visage. Skull like. 'Come to me,' the woman commanded.

'No!' shouted Bill.

For a moment, the skeletal face looked scared, before its wicked frown returned.

'Your soul will be mine, but I can wait to devour it.'

The hand returned to the painting and the face returned to its original passive form. Behind Bill, Mary stopped fitting and slumped in her chair.

'I see you have met Mother,' a voice said from nearby. It was Crompton.

The Doctor struggled at the ropes that held him to the cellar post and started to work them loose. The alien creature's head still stared at him with lifeless eyes, but it slowly started to spin again.

'Mother's active,' the Doctor muttered as he started to find some success with the ropes.

Bill was bound by ropes and was being carried towards the river by several bailiffs as the crowd followed in the path of Josiah Crompton. Crompton was reciting

passages from the *Malleus Malificarum*, and swinging a silver cross in front of him as it to divine a path towards the river. When the crowd arrived at the river side, Bill was lowered down and forced to crouch in front of Crompton.

'Are you a witch?' asked Crompton.

'I am not a witch,' pleaded Bill, 'but there is a witch in that painting of yours, and it killed that man that guarded us.'

'What vicious lies borne of a blasphemous tongue,' Crompton replied. 'Mother does not like blasphemy. Carry her to the river, she will be tested.'

The Doctor struggled with the trapdoor that led from the cellar, but it seemed weighted down. With an almighty push, the Doctor managed to slightly budge the trapdoor, and after a few more attempts he managed to dislodge off a heavy chest that had been placed on it. The Doctor pulled himself up and into the room above, but the trapdoor slipped and trapped his legs and he yelped out in pain.

The Doctor heard a sound of scraping and looked towards the noise. A wooden frame slowly moved towards him, dragged by a green unnatural hand. Sharp black talons scratched the wooden floor as it clawed its way towards the Doctor.

‘You must be Mother,’ the Doctor gasped as he tried to lever the trapdoor up enough to escape, but with little success.

The painting grabbed the Doctor by his neck and pulled itself on top of him so the painted eyes could look directly into his.

‘You will be mine, heathen,’ the creature hissed. ‘I will possess your soul.’

Bill felt the cold water as it seemed to slam into her side. Her arms and legs were bound together and she found herself unable to move. Her lungs burned as she struggled to keep herself from breathing in, and a black shadow moved over her vision. Hands grabbed her and pulled her out of the river, and she had hoped to see the Doctor standing triumphantly, but it was Tom Matton and some of his bailiffs. Bill was forced to crouch in front of Crompton again.

‘Are you a witch?’ demanded Crompton, but this time Bill couldn’t find enough breath to reply.

‘Test her again!’ shouted people in the crowd.

Bill’s vision was blurred, but she could see Mary Samson in the crowd, and she was shouting too, and not in support of her. That thing in the painting had managed to possess even Mary’s mind and it was escalating the hysteria in the crowd.

Bill felt the bailiffs closing in ready to hoist her up into the air again so she braced herself for when she would hit the water again.

‘Stop!’ shouted a voice from close by. Josiah Crompton turned his gaze towards the voice, almost in unison with the gathered crowd. ‘I have found your witch.’

Bill was curled on the floor, breathless and exhausted, cold and wet. She squinted towards a figure standing high up on a nearby mound. The sun was starting to set behind him, but she could make out his curling grey hair and the flapping coat tail billowing in the wind. He was holding up the painting of Josiah's Mother in one hand, and his sonic in the other.

'Look at her face!' the Doctor shouted as he walked down the hill. The Doctor moved the sonic behind the painting and activated it. The image of Mother shimmered and contorted as if in pain, her face taking on its monstrous true appearance. 'Tell him to tell them, Mother,' the Doctor warned.

Josiah cried as he saw his Mother trapped by this stranger. He could feel her presence in his head, frustrated and angry, but at the mercy of the stranger.

'What is happening, Josiah?' Tom Matton asked.

'That is Mother,' Josiah muttered.

'And she is alive?'

'She never left me,' Josiah answered as if talking about the most mundane fact in all the world, 'even when she died.'

Matton motioned for the bailiffs to arrest Crompton and to escort him to the town gaol. Crompton's gaze didn't change as he was shackled and led back towards the town. He just kept looking at Mother.

Bill stood up and waited as the rope that bounds her hands and legs were removed by Mary Samson.

'That witch was inside my mind, making me hate you.'

'It's OK,' said Bill as she swept back her hair.

'Did she get inside your mind?'

'No,' replied Bill, concern and uncertainty in her voice. 'No, I'm sure she didn't.'

The Doctor turned the portrait to face him.

'I think we are well overdue for a cup of tea. Tell you what, I'll be Mother...'

'Curse you!' Mother spat.

'Shut up!' The Doctor used his sonic screwdriver on the painting again, and this time Mother froze, still wearing her skeletal gaze.

'That's the last we'll see of her. I don't think I'll be taking this to the National Gallery.'

Bill joined the Doctor and looked over his shoulder towards the painting. The Doctor was no longer smiling, just staring at the painting.

'What did you do?'

'I locked the molecules in the painting permanently. Mother was an alien morphoform – a being of pure consciousness that must inhabit physical matter – any physical matter – a bit like a hermit crab lives in another creature's shell. She is still inhabiting that painting, but she can't move the molecules around anymore – she's trapped forever.'

'Are there more like her?'

'Undoubtedly,' the Doctor said. 'But not here. All that remains here is the story of the witch that lived in the painting, and a few decades from now and no-one will even believe it.'

'We thought he would cure the town of our witch problem, but he brought the Devil into our midst. We should burn that painting,' Matton said.

The Doctor and Matton were

standing in Mary's house, discussing the events of the last day. The sun had almost set and the townsfolk were retiring back to their homes. Matton had promised the Doctor and Bill that he would take special care of Mary and Sarah Samson. He would make up for the torment they had been put through.

'You never had a witch problem, Matton,' the Doctor said. 'You just had a group of people, frightened for their futures, worried about harvests and illness, and worried about the war. Suspicious thoughts became fears of the supernatural. When Josiah Crompton came, he fed on those fears – and your people provided him with everything he needed, even innocent girls.'

Matton hung his head in shame, shocked by the Doctor's unforgiving tone.

'Just look after them,' the Doctor said to Matton. 'Don't lose them to ignorant superstition or the bloodthirst of opportunists.'

The Doctor picked up the painting and started to walk out the door.

Bill glanced over to see that the Doctor was leaving, and she turned back towards Mary.

'I have to go,' she smiled. 'He isn't one for goodbyes.'

Mary held Bill's hands. 'Thanks for saving my life.'

'No problem,' Bill said. 'I'm really glad I met you, I'll remember you Mary Samson.'

'Visit me next time you come to Little Winterton,' Mary said.

'I will,' promised Bill.

A red car zoomed past the iron fence that separated the road from the TARDIS. Bill and the Doctor stood outside the time machine and looked at a stone a few feet in front of them. Bill held some flowers in her hand.

'You can barely read her name,' Bill said.

The Doctor stared at the gravestone.

'History forgets about all the people who lived ordinary lives, don't they. But she was a person, just like me. Just as important as me.'

'We aren't bound by history,' the Doctor replied.

'No,' Bill smiled. 'And despite being almost drowned and almost killed by an evil painting, I loved going back and standing amongst them, meeting them. I'll miss Mary. I wonder what happened to her. Did she get married? Have children?'

Bill laid the flowers down at the base of the gravestone before going back into the TARDIS and within a few moments the impossible blue box had faded away.

Witch Hunts
and
Witch Finders

Doctor Who

MATTHEW HOPKINS

WITCHFINDER GENERAL

In 17th Century England, with the populace caught in a civil war between Parliamentarians and Royalists, the country had descended into chaos. Belief in magic and superstition was still an accepted fact of day-to-day life for the population, and one of the most commonly perceived supernatural threats, seen as the enemy within their communities, was the fear of witches.

The hysteria that communities felt about the presence of witches and witchcraft was not unique to England, or even Europe, and neither was it unique to Christian settlements. Fear of malevolent magic users in communities was and still is a common occurrence throughout the world, but in 17th Century East Anglia the fear of witchcraft, and the persecution of witches, was driven by puritan beliefs.

Woodcut featuring Matthew Hopkins

DOCTOR WHO

Matthew Hopkins (shown here as portrayed by Vincent Price in the 1968 film 'Witchfinder General') was a lawyer who lived in Manningtree, Essex in 1644 when he commenced his occupation as a self proclaimed Witch-Finder General.

Hopkins toured eastern England charging money for his services to 'draw out' witches in the communities, using torture to extract confessions that ultimatley led to the deaths of 300 women.

Hopkins' reign of terror lasted until 1646, and he died, most likely from tuberculosis, in 1647.

Witchfinders would adopt a range of dubious methods to try to prove that an accused person was a diabolical witch, often with methods to create a fake result.

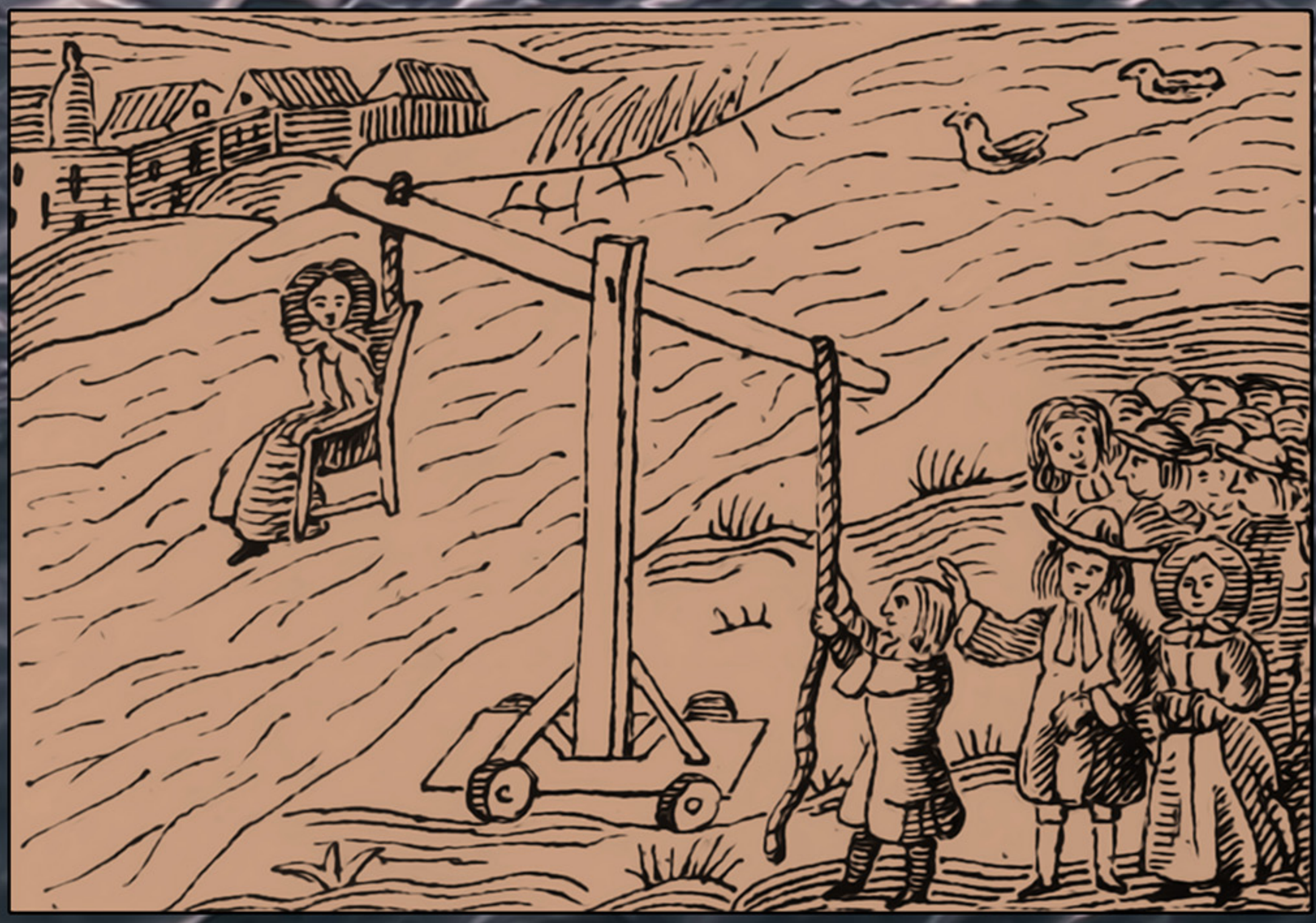
The most popular methods included pricking the skin (which led to the alternative title for a witchfinder as a witchpricker), searching the accused body for teats (often pointing towards benign lesions such as skin tags, moles and warts), and the swimming test.

The swimming test, based on the principle that a witch, having rejected their baptism, would be rejected by the water, and so the guilty would float and the innocent would sink. This test was never legal in law, considered and assault, or even murder if the accused drowned. Sometimes a ducking stool was used, also as a method of torture and interrogation...

Witch-pricking was a practice where a witchpricker would use a needle or pin to pierce a witch mark found on the body. If when the mark was pierced the person felt no pain, or did not bleed, then that was claimed to be evidence of witchcraft. Sometimes the needle used by the witchfinder would have a secret mechanism where it would retract into the handle so that the needle would appear to enter the skin, but when withdrawn there would be no wound.

Less commonly used tests included boiling and accused witch's urine and hair, piercing a drawing of the witch with a needle (which was said to summon the person immediately should she be a witch), or asking her to recite biblical verses.

Scene from 'Witch Hunt, Part One' DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE #497.



A DUCKING STOOL

A depiction of a woman being subjected to the ducking stool, with a crowd watching the ordeal.

THE WOMAN WHO LIVED

Ashildr, an immortal, survives a public ducking, escaping to a nearby branch of the river and away to safety.

DOCTOR WHO

WITCH HUNT

The Twelfth Doctor and Clara Oswald encountered Matthew Hopkins in Doctor Who Magazine (issues 497 – 499)...

Clara Oswald has organised a Halloween fayre at Coal Hill School to raise money for a new ICT suite. Clara is surprised to see that several of her students are upset and one of the teachers had been attacked, but someone who's description sounds very much like a seventeenth century puritan.

Clara calls the Doctor for help, but during the phone call she encounters the puritan and is suddenly thrown back in history to seventeenth century England.

The Doctor arrives in the TARDIS at Coal Hill School to investigate what has happened to Clara, following clues to the 'witch hunt' game that was supposed to lead to Clara. Instead the Doctor finds a woman dressed in a jester outfit, a transdimensional being called Miss Chief. She reveals the the Doctor that she sent Clara back into the past, accompanied by none other than Matthew Hopkins himself... the Witchfinder General.

DOCTOR WHO

In the past, Matthew Hopkins is convinced that Clara is a witch and subjects her to the swimming test... Miss Chief pops back in time and helps to save Clara, but when she returns to the present day she challenges the Doctor to a game of travelling back in time to retrieve objects, in alphabetical order, that are extinct in the present day.

Clara, who has escaped Hopkins' swimming test, arrives at a village and saves an old woman, Agnes, accused of being a witch from a local mob. Whilst listening to the Agnes' story, Matthew Hopkins arrives at the village and knocks on the door, dragging the Agnes out and testing her with a witch-pricker. Clara, who had been hiding, runs out of the house to expose Hopkins as a fraud, but id captured and held in solitary confinement.

Meanwhile, the Doctor manages to out-think Miss Chief and wins their game of 'time space scavenger hunt', and is sent back to the seventeenth century to rescue Clara. But as is often usual with the Doctor's attempts to rescue Clara, he is caught and Hopkins plans a double execution...

As the execution unfolds, the Doctor summons Miss Chief who helps them escape. Hopkins, however, decides to execute Agnes instead.

Back in the present, Clara demands that Miss Chief helps save Agnes, but she refuses. Clara, thinking quickly, promises that if Miss Chief helps her she will show her some real mischief. Clara interrupts the execution and

exposes Hopkins as a fraud, resulting in Hopkins himself being thrown into the river nearby, subjected to the swimming test he was so keen to use on others.

With Agnes safe, and Miss Chief tricked into disappearing by the Doctor, Clara returns to Coal Hill School, disappointed that the Halloween fayre was unsuccessful as the money she had hoped to raise for the school was intended to be in memory of Danny Pink. However the objects from the past retrieved for the scavenger game are still in the school, and after a successful auction Clara has raised the money she needs to open the new Danny Pink I.T. Suite...

DOCTOR WHO: WITCH HUNT

Doctor Who Magazine 497-499

Story: Jacqueline Raynor
Pencil art: Martin Geraghty
Inks: David A. Roach
Colours: James Offredi
Lettering: Roger Langridge
Editors: Scott Grey and John Ainsworth

WITCH ENCOUNTERS

THE WITCH FROM THE WELL

Eighth Doctor
Big Finish Audio 2011

A shrieking, killing nightmare erupts from an overgrown well, hidden in the grounds of an old house, Tranchard's Folly – and Mary Shelley, the Doctor's latest travelling companion, rescues teenage twins Finicia and Lucern from the clutches of the monster.

But a TARDIS trip in search of the origin of the horror goes terribly wrong when the Doctor, Mary and their two new friends find themselves stuck in the middle of a seventeenth century witch scare.

While the Doctor investigates the strange lights at Vetter's Tor, and the twins go in search of an artefact from the Hecatrix Dimension, Mary confronts the secrets of her past... and her future. The truth will out: Master Kincaid, the terrible Witch-Pricker himself, commands it!

THE WITCH HUNTERS

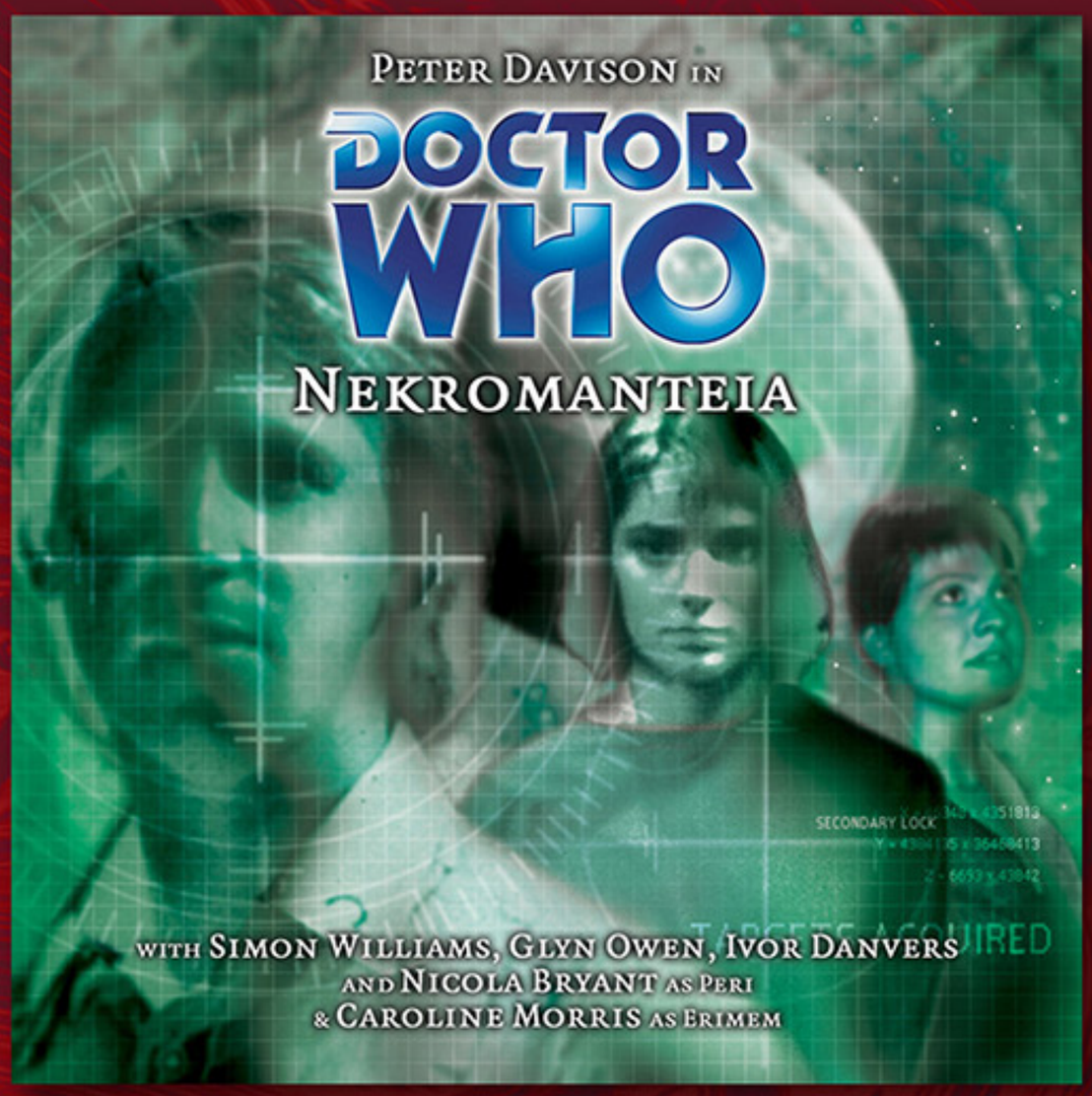
First Doctor
BBC Past Adventures
1998

With the Doctor wanting to repair the TARDIS in peace and quiet, Barbara, Ian and Susan decide to get some experience of living in the nearby village of Salem. But the Doctor knows about the horrors destined to engulf the village and determines that they should leave.

His friends are not impressed. His granddaughter Susan has her own ideas, and is desperate to return, whatever the cost. But perhaps the Doctor was right. Perhaps Susan's actions will lead them all into terrible danger and cause the tragedy that is already unfolding to escalate out of control.

NEKROMANTEIA

Fifth Doctor
Big Finish Audio 2003



In the depths of space a little known district harbours a terrible secret. Long known as a place of death, it claims thousands more lives as a great corporate space-fleet goes to war. As the fleet screams out in fear and pain, an irresistible voice calls

out to three travellers and a macabre mind sets a deadly trap. The Doctor, Peri and Erimem face the terrors of Talderun and the wrath of a corporate empire as they struggle to understand the hideous secret of the domain of the dead — a district known in legend as Nekromanteia

- In the story Shara's relic is worshipped by a cult of witches.

K-9 AND COMPANY

BBC TV Spin-off 1981

Sarah-Jane Smith pays a Christmas visit to her Aunt Lavinia's house in the village of Moreton Harwood. She discovers that Lavinia, a noted scientist, has yet to return from a lecture tour of the USA. She does however meet Brendan - Lavinia's ward - and Commander Bill Pollock - her partner in a small market garden business. Also in the house, in a box sent to her by the Doctor, she finds K9.

Brendan is kidnapped by a local coven of witches who want to sacrifice him to the goddess Hecate. Sarah, with K9's assistance, foils their plan and unmasks their leaders - Commander Pollock and local postmistress Lily Gregson.

SPACE WITCHES

DOCTOR WHO

Located in the constellation of Kasterborous lies a small red planet, secreted away from the rest of the universe, home to an ancient lineage - the Sisterhood of Karn...

The Sisterhood were known to the inhabitants of another planet in that constellation, Gallifrey, but where the Time Lords had built their society on academia and science, the Sisterhood adhered to mysticism and psychic powers.

The geology on Karn was unique, with a natural flame, worshipped by the sisters, that produced a unique life-restoring nectar - the Elixir of Life. This was a secret known to the Time Lords, reluctantly accepted by the sisterhood (as the Time Lords were one of the few races who could defend themselves against their psychic assaults) but it was hidden from the rest of the universe in fear that others would come and request, or demand, the elixir for themselves. To this end, the Sisterhod would cause any spacecraft that entered its atmosphere to crash and burn on its hostile surface.

The Sisterhood were aware of someone else who resided on Karn - the once famous surgeon, Mehendri Solon. Thought to be harmless, the Sisterhood tolerated his experiments, although they considered them heretical. Little did they know that a dangerous enemy, the renegade Morbius, a Time Lord, survived in Solon's castle as a disembodied brain waiting for a new body...

The Doctor arrived on Karn and discovered the plot by Solon to create a body for Morbius. Allying with the Sisterhood, reluctantly on their part, the Doctor foiled the plans of Solon and Morbius, saving the universe the from rise of a feared tyrant...

Years later, the Doctor died on Karn, damaged beyond even regeneration. Restoring the Doctor to life was not beyond the Sisterhood, however, although the proces was only temporary until he could regenerate into a warrior, encouraged by Ohila, to draw to a close the devastating Time War...

It was in his twelfth incarnation that the Doctor returned once more to Karn. Knowing that Davros was for him, but wishing to avoid facing a difficult past decision, the Doctor wanted to hide on the one planet where the Sisterhood could sheild him from ever being found.

After the return of Gallifrey, the Sisterhood developed a diplomatic relationship with the Time Lords once more, with Ohila visiting the Capitol. The Time Lords had tried to trap the Doctor inside a confession dial, although Ohila knew, from the past experience the Sisterhood had with him, that once he escaped that there would be fireworks on Gallifrey, warning them of his retribution.

Remaining on Karn, and still worshipping the Sacred Flame, the Sisterhood remain hidden...

KARN

CODE: 4K

PLANETARY SURVEY TEAM

Karn became the homeworld of the Sisterhood of Karn, descended from the Pythia who used to rule Gallifrey before the time of Rassilon.

Paranoid and protective about the Sacred Flame, a naturally occuring phenomenon that heated the rocks producing the Elixir of Life, the Sisterhood caused any spaceship that drifted close to the planet to smash into the planet's surface...

DOCTOR WHO

THE WITCHES OF PYRIS VII

Eerie manifestations of the telepathic power of Korob, an interstellar explorer. Korob was an ornithoid, sent by an ancient race caled the Old Ones who existed outside of the galaxy to study and learn about humans. Drawing dark imagery from the backs of the human minds of the crew on the Starship Enterprise, the Witches appeared in the skies...

WITCH WORLDS

"WIND SHALL RISE
AND FOG DESCEND!
SO LEAVE HERE, ALL...
OR MEET YOUR END!"

THE THREE WITCHES
OF PYRIS VII

MOTHER TALZIN OF DATHOMIR

Mother Talzin, the spiritual guide of the Nightsisters during the Clone Wars, held enormous power on her homeworld and wielded the strange magicks of the Nightsisters.

THE BENE GESSERIT OF ARRAKIS

The Bene Gesserit are a powerful and ancient sisterhood on the planet Arrakis, who influenced human evolution along a path of light. Their supernatual powers appeared to be just like magic.

THE TIME WITCH

Brimo, a woman born on the planet Nefrin, was imprisoned in the Eternity Capsule as a punishment for using her psychic powers to 'pervert the course of destiny'.

Aeons later, Nefrin's sun collapsed into a black hole, creating a blank dimension and releasing Brimo. In this dimension, Brimo could 'think' any object into existence, at the cost of destroying parts of the normal physical universe.

The Doctor, Sharon and K-9 landed inside the blank dimension where they fought Brimo, the Time Witch, ultimately tricking her into thinking of the most terrifying object she could conjure up! The most terrifying thing that Brimo could image was the Eternity Capsule that originally imprisoned her. The capsule formed around her, just as the Doctor suspected it would, trapping her inside once more.

Ohila

DOCTOR WHO

THE Tardis whirls through time and space, carrying Dr. Who and his companions John and Gillian to another unknown destination. Meanwhile, in the dark skies above the planet Vargo

THE ANNUAL REUNION HAS BEGUN! WITCHES FROM ALL OVER THE UNIVERSE WILL BE IN ATTENDANCE!

LET US HOPE THE DEVILRY REACHES A HIGH PITCH OF EXCITEMENT! *HEH! HEH!*

WE'RE IN TIME! THE GRAND WITCH IS MOUNTING THE PLATFORM NOW!

WHAT NEW SPELLS WILL SHE SPRING UPON US, I WONDER?

QUIET! WE MUST LISTEN CAREFULLY TO THE GRAND WITCH'S WORDS OF WISDOM!

SINCE LAST WE MET OUR FORCES HAVE SPREAD DEEPER INTO THE UNIVERSE BRINGING TERROR TO MORE AND MORE PEOPLE... THIS IS DUE TO MY LEADERSHIP AND I SHALL NOW DEMONSTRATE MY RIGHT TO BE YOUR LEADER!

YES! SHOW US YOUR POWER, GRAND WITCH!

OH, STRONG AND STURDY TREE... TO GRANITE I WILL TURN THEE!

I HAVE PROVED MYSELF A WORTHY LEADER!

HER POWER IS SUPREME!

PRAISE THE GRAND WITCH!

THEN, SUDDENLY ALL EYES ARE TURNED TOWARDS AN EVEN MORE IMPRESSIVE SIGHT...

WHAT'S HAPPENING?

IS THIS MORE OF THE GRAND WITCH'S MAGIC?

THIS IS NO MAGIC OF MINE! IT MUST BE SOME SORT OF SPACE CRAFT!..

IF IT IS A SPACE CRAFT THEN THERE MUST BE OCCUPANTS!

INSIDE THE TARDIS...

WOW! WE'RE SURROUNDED BY WITCHES... YOU TWO HAD BETTER STAY HIDDEN INSIDE WHILE I INVESTIGATE!

DON'T GO OUT THERE, DOCTOR... THEY MAY PUT AN EVIL CURSE ON YOU!

WITH THE AID OF MY UTILITY BELT I SHALL CONVINCE THOSE WITCHES I AM A FAMOUS WIZARD!

TAKE CARE! THERE IS A GREAT DANGER!

GET BACK, YOU WRETCHED WOMEN, OR I, THE WIZARD OF OMEGA, WILL CAST A SPELL ON THEE!

'TIS A WIZARD!

WHERE IS YOUR COURAGE? SINCE WHEN HAVE MY WITCHES BEEN SCARED OFF BY MERE WORDS?

LISTEN! THE WITCH SPEAKS WISELY!

LET US TEST THE POWER OF THE WIZARD OF OMEGA!

NOW WE SHALL SEE WHETHER THE NEW ARRIVAL IS A WIZARD... OR NOTHING MORE THAN A HUMAN BEING!

THE Tardis has materialised on the planet Vargo in the midst of a gathering of witches. The Doctor tries to scare them off by pretending to be a wizard but the Grand Witch calls his bluff and conjures up a monster

MY UTILITY BELT MAY GET ME OUT OF THIS!

IF YOU HAVE THE GIFTS OF A WIZARD... *USE THEM!*

LET'S HOPE MY DISINTEGRATING RAY IS POWERFUL ENOUGH TO DEAL WITH SUCH A CREATURE!

SEE THE FLASH IN HIS HAND... *HE HAS ABILITY!*

SEE! HE IS A WIZARD! THERE CAN BE NO DOUBT!

PHEW! THAT WAS A NEAR THING... I THINK THEY WERE TAKEN IN BY MY LITTLE STUNT!

YOU HAVE SEEN WHAT I AM CAPABLE OF... *NOW GO FROM THIS PLANET BEFORE I RELEASE MY WRATH ON YOU!*

GO! GO! I WILL MAKE VARGO MY DOMAIN AND THERE IS NO PLACE FOR YOU... *LEAVE AT ONCE!*

WE MUST FLEE!

SPARE US... WE ARE GOING!

LEAVE VARGO! GO TO YOUR HOMES!

AND DON'T YOU COME BACK!

FOLLOW ME, YOU TWO! I STILL HAVE MY SUSPICIONS!

A LITTLE LATER...

I INTEND TO SPY ON THIS SO-CALLED WIZARD, I AM NOT COMPLETELY CONVINCED THAT HE IS ALL HE CLAIMS TO BE!

HE DESTROYED THE MONSTER...THAT CONVINCED ME!

HA! HA! MY UTILITY BELT AND IT'S GADGETS CERTAINLY FOOLED THOSE WITCHES INTO THINKING I WAS A WIZARD! HE! HE!

AHA! SO THE BOASTFUL VISITOR IS MERELY A HUMAN USING IMPRESSIVE GADGETS... HE MUST BE KILLED FOR DARING TO IMPERSONATE A WIZARD!

WE MUST HAVE REVENGE ON THE IMPERSONATOR ZEBADEE ZORROW... LET US BRING HIM SORROW!

WHAT SPELL IS THIS, GRAND WITCH?

DO AS I COMMAND! PLUCK OUR ENEMY FROM INSIDE THE METAL BOX...GO NOW!

THE SHELL OF THE GIANT, ARMOUR-PLATED CRAB WILL BE TOO TOUGH FOR HIS SILLY RAYS... PRAY WATCH THE FUN MY SISTERS!

INSIDE THE TARDIS...

WHAT?

LOOK OUT, DOCTOR!.. SOMETHING HORRIBLE IS GOING TO GRAB YOU!

SCRAMBLE! DO YOUR BEST TO STAY OUT OF ITS WAY!

DON'T WORRY, CHILDREN! STAY INSIDE THE TARDIS...THE WITCHES MUST BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS AND THEY DON'T KNOW THERE'S ANYONE IN HERE EXCEPT ME!

FANCY THINKING OF US WHEN YOU'RE IN SUCH DANGER! TELL US WHAT WE CAN DO TO HELP YOU!

REMEMBER WHAT I SAID... *STAY HIDDEN!* YOU'RE NO GOOD TO ME IF YOU'RE CAPTURED AS WELL!

AS ALWAYS YOUR WORDS MAKE SENSE... WE'LL DO WHAT WE CAN FOR YOU FROM HIDING!

SO, WHEN THE DOCTOR IS HAULED OUTSIDE, JOHN AND GILLIAN REMAIN CONCEALED INSIDE...

WELL! WELL! I'M SURPRISED A WIZARD OF YOUR SUPPOSED TALENTS CAN'T FREE HIMSELF FROM THE JAWS OF A MERE CRAB! *HEH! HEH!*

I'M NO WIZARD AND YOU KNOW IT, YOU WRETCHED WOMEN!

COME WITH US TO OUR CAVE, MY FOOLISH FRIEND... *WE WILL SHOW YOU SOME REAL WITCHCRAFT!*

WE'LL WAIT UNTIL THEY'RE OUT OF SIGHT... THEN WE'LL FOLLOW!

I WONDER WHERE THEY'RE TAKING HIM?

WE HAVE THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE AS THE WITCHES DO NOT KNOW WE EXIST!

LET'S HOPE WE GET THE OPPORTUNITY TO SNATCH HIM FROM UNDER THEIR CROOKED NOSES!

SOON THE WITCHES REACH THE CAVE.

WELCOME TO OUR HOME... THE POOL OF BOILING LEAD AT THE CENTRE IS MY FAVOURITE TOY!

WATCH CLOSELY! MY LITTLE WHEEL REVOLVES SLOWLY THROUGH THE BOILING LEAD, DISSOLVING ANYTHING WHICH IS STRAPPED TO IT!

THE WITCHES THEN SET ABOUT TYING THE DOCTOR TO THE WHEEL...

THOSE WRETCHED HAGS ARE GOING TO DIP THE DOCTOR INTO MOLTEN METAL...WE MUST DO SOMETHING!

I TRUST YOU'LL FIND THE TEMPERATURE OF THE LEAD TO YOUR LIKING! HEH! HEH! HEH!

EVEN IF JOHN AND GILLIAN ARE NEAR AT HAND, THEY'VE LEFT THINGS TOO LATE TO SAVE ME NOW!

THE Grand Witch and her two followers have strapped Dr. Who to the top of a wheel which is revolving slowly through boiling lead. With the Doctor only feet away from the molten metal, John makes a desperate bid to scare the witches into stopping the wheel . . .

THIS IS THE ONLY CHANCE WE HAVE OF SAVING THE DOCTOR!

I, THE ALL-POWERFUL VOICE OF WITCHCRAFT, COMMAND YOU TO HALT THE WHEEL AND FREE YOUR PRISONER...

DO AS I COMMAND OR DIE!

IN ALL THE CENTURIES I'VE BEEN A WITCH I HAVE NEVER HEARD OF *THE VOICE!*

AARGH! WE MUST STOP THE WHEEL...SOMETHING ABOVE OUR UNDERSTANDING WISHES TO INTERFERE WITH OUR WAYS!

CAUTION IS WISDOM! WE WILL DO AS WE HAVE BEEN COMMANDED... *FREE HIM!*

IT IS THE WISH OF THE VOICE THAT YOU BE RELEASED!

YOU ARE WISE TO OBEY! TO DEFY IT WOULD MEAN CERTAIN DEATH!

IT APPEARS MY SCHEME HAS FOOLED THE SUPERSTITIOUS WITCHES... AT LEAST FOR A LITTLE WHILE!

IF THE DOCTOR CAN JUST REACH THE TARDIS BEFORE THEY REALISE THEY'VE BEEN TRICKED!

YOU HAVE DONE WELL TO OBEY ME! DO NOT FOLLOW THE WIZARD OR I WILL DESCEND ON YOU!

I DON'T QUITE KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON, BUT JOHN IS OBVIOUSLY BEHIND IT!

WHILE THOSE WITCHES ARE STILL CONFUSED I'D BETTER MAKE FOR THE TARDIS!

BACK IN THE CAVE...

THE MYSTERY OF THE VOICE NEEDS LOOKING INTO FURTHER!.. I SHALL GIVE MYSELF X-RAY VISION AND DO JUST THAT!

WITH MY PIERCING EYES I'LL BE ABLE TO SEE THROUGH ROCK!

INCREDIBLE!

SO! THAT CUNNING TRICKSTER HAS HELPERS... BETWEEN THEM THEY HAVE FOOLED US!

CURSE THEM! THEY WILL BE HURRYING TO ESCAPE IN THEIR STRANGE CRAFT, BUT I WILL MAKE SURE THEY CAN NEVER ENTER IT!

EVIL POWERS OF THE UNIVERSE GET SET... OVER THE SPACE CRAFT FLING AN INDESTRUCTIBLE NET!

BY THE PLANETS! SOMEHOW THE GRAND WITCH HAS AGAIN SEEN THROUGH OUR TRICKERY!

OUR ESCAPE HAS BEEN FOILED!

THERE'S NO TIME TO TRY ANY OF THE GADGETS IN MY UTILITY BELT, THOSE WITCHES WILL SOON BE UPON US!

QUICK! WE'LL HIDE IN THAT SHRUB!

THE WITCHES ARE SOON ON THE SCENE...

AARGH! WHERE ARE THE SPACE TRAVELLERS? THEY ARE NOWHERE TO BE SEEN!

THEY'VE VANISHED INTO THIN AIR!

THIS GULLEY LEADS BACK TO THE WITCHES' CAVE...THEY'LL NEVER THINK OF LOOKING FOR US IN THEIR OWN LAIR!

FAN OUT AND SEARCH THIS AREA... *THEY CAN'T HAVE GONE FAR!*

GET INTO THE CAVE AS FAST AS YOU CAN...WE SHOULD BE SAFE INSIDE FOR A LITTLE WHILE!

BUT WHAT IF THEY RETURN?

THERE HAS TO BE SOMETHING HERE THAT WE CAN USE AGAINST THOSE HIDEOUS CREATURES!

THE CAVE APPEARS TO BE THEIR HOME... IT'S EQUIPPED WITH A LABORATORY AS WELL AS MORE FIENDISH DEVICES!

LOOK AT THIS... *THE WITCHES' BLACK BOOK OF SPELLS!*

Spells

LET ME SEE THAT, JOHN!

HMMM! I MAY BE ONTO SOMETHING...THERE'S A SPELL HERE THAT WITCHES ARE SUPPOSED TO USE TO DESTROY THEMSELVES SHOULD JUSTICE EVER DOMINATE THE UNIVERSE!

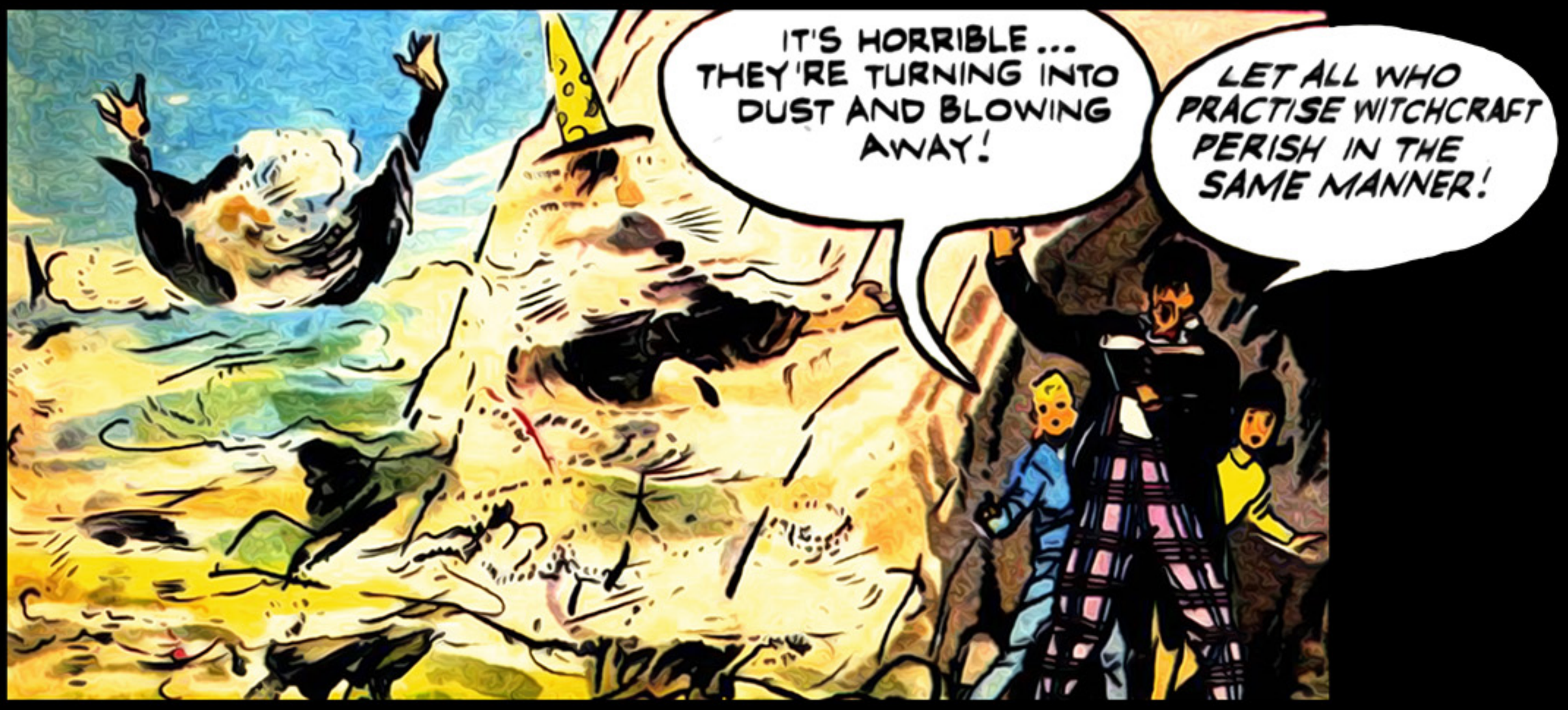
WHEN THE WITCHES RETURN I SHALL ATTEMPT TO WORK THE SPELL ON THEM!

WONDERFUL!... BUT CAN YOU DO IT?

AFTER AN INTENSIVE SEARCH OF VARGO, THE WITCHES FINALLY RETURN...

WIND AND RAIN, HAIL AND THUNDER! BLAST ALL WITCHES HERE ASUNDER!

WHAT'S THIS?.. THE SPACE TRAVELLERS HAVE OUR SPELL BOOK... *AARGH!*



THE WITCHES

TV COMIC - 30th December 1967 - 27th January 1968

The Grand Witch

TV COMIC - THE WITCHES (SECOND DOCTOR)

EVIL LAUGHS

How does a witch
tell the time?

She looks at her
witch watch

What's evil and green
and goes up and
down all day?

A witch who accidentally
picked up a pogo stick
instead of a broom

What happens when you
see twin witches?

You can't tell
which witch is which

What subject
do witches
like at school?

Spelling

TOP TRUMPS WITCHES

BILL POTTS

TOP TRUMPS FILE

During the year that she travelled with the Doctor, Bill Potts encountered many strange creatures, but one of the scariest was an alien entity, 'Mother', that inhabited a painting of a dead woman and spread fear and paranoia driving the local witch hunts.

STRENGTH	30
BRAINS	45
TERROR	08
BRAVERY	84
TOP TRUMPS RATING	70

TWELFTH DOCTOR

TOP TRUMPS FILE

A renegade Time Lord, the Doctor travels the universe in his TARDIS, exploring and adventuring, but most importantly fighting evil.

The Doctor has faced many horrific monsters on his travels - the emaciated Master, the relentless Veil, and the shadow creatures the Vashta Nerada amongst them.

STRENGTH	72
BRAINS	94
TERROR	23
BRAVERY	79
TOP TRUMPS RATING	92

CLARA OSWALD

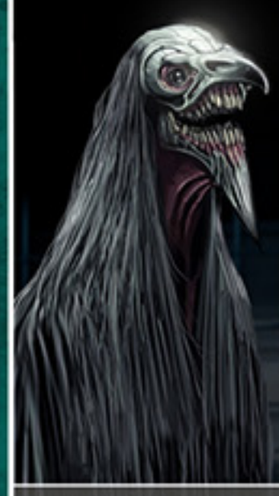
TOP TRUMPS FILE

When Coal Hill School holds a Halloween fayre, Clara finds herself thrown back in time to the seventeenth Century where she meets Matthew Hopkins - the Witchfinder General.

Accused of witchcraft, Clara is tested by Hopkins, but survives and exposes him for the dangerous fraud he really is...

STRENGTH	23
BRAINS	51
TERROR	10
BRAVERY	71
TOP TRUMPS RATING	62

CARRIONITE



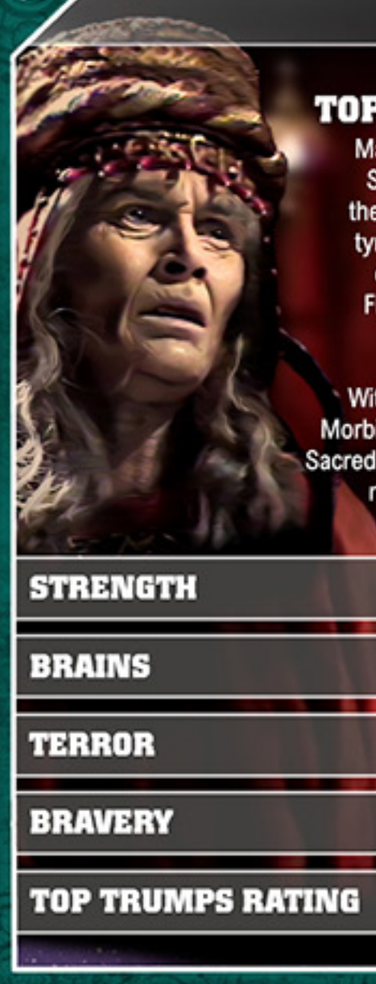
TOP TRUMPS FILE

Revealed in their true forms, the Carrionites looked like skeletal crows. Possessing large claws and sharp teeth, the Carrionites would swarm above their prey, intimidating them as they cast their curses.

Carrionites depended upon an almost perfect auditory environment for their power to reach full effect.

STRENGTH	78
BRAINS	75
TERROR	87
BRAVERY	40
TOP TRUMPS RATING	72

MAREN



TOP TRUMPS FILE

Maren led the coven of the Sisterhood of Karn during the return of the Gallifreyan tyrant Morbius. Maren was concerned by the Sacred Flame that appeared to be dying.

With the help of the Doctor, Morbius was defeated and the Sacred Flame restored, Maren's natural life ended, but the Sisterhood endured...

STRENGTH	15
BRAINS	68
TERROR	14
BRAVERY	76
TOP TRUMPS RATING	41

THE TIME WITCH

TOP TRUMPS FILE

Brimo, The Time Witch, was originally born on the planet Nefrin. As a punishment for using her psychic powers to 'pervert the course of destiny', Brimo was imprisoned in the Eternity Capsule, remaining a prisoner there until it was swallowed by a black hole...

STRENGTH	37
BRAINS	76
TERROR	61
BRAVERY	20
TOP TRUMPS RATING	40

Spot the Difference answers

DOUBLE, DOUBLE,
TOIL AND TROUBLE;
FIRE BURN AND CAULDRON BUBBLE.

BBC
DOCTOR WHO
DISCOVERS
WITCHES